A modest paean to the circuitous body politick

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Let us proceed with all due decorum, to defend the modern body politick, the citizen of circumference, the fleshy philosopher, the corpulent revolutionary. Permit me, dear reader, to suggest that obesity is not a disease but a counter-industrial uprising. A quiet revolution of flesh against steel, softness against circuitry, leisure against optimization. While the technocrat counts his steps and the algorithm counts his calories, we, the unrepentant eaters, count only our blessings, and occasionally, our chins.

In the age of quantified selfhood, where every human function must be graphed, tagged, and monetized, what greater act of rebellion exists than to outgrow the spreadsheet? Each pound is a protest, each snack, a small insurrection against the cult of efficiency. We are told that space is scarce, yet see how we create more of ourselves, insisting that cities, chairs, and bathrooms evolve to meet our presence. The obese citizen is a living demand for spatial justice. Public bathrooms, once austere as monk's cells, now swell with ergonomic fixtures and privacy stalls fit for contemplation. We have forced comfort into architecture. Not by plea, but by sheer corporeal necessity.

Let us not overlook the economic beneficence of our girth. Entire industries flourish under our generous patronage. Dieticians, endocrinologists, wellness influencers, and pharmaceutical empires, our tireless suppliers of scales, syringes, and shame. The slender live lightly on the earth; we, by contrast, sustain it. The global healthcare system is not burdened by obesity; it is buoyed by it; its GDP padded as kindly as our midsections. If the body is a temple, then the modern medical complex is our cathedral, its coffers overflowing with tithe and triglyceride alike.

Philosophers have long debated the soul's residence. I propose, with appropriate modesty, that it dwells chiefly in the stomach. For whom among us achieves enlightenment on an empty belly? Every pastry is praxis; every buffet, a Buddhist koan. If desire is illusion, why does crème brûlée feel so real? By refusing the ascetic ideal, we reject the tyranny of self-denial imposed by machines that never hunger. In our gluttony lies a strange spirituality, a sacrament of excess, a reminder that to be human is to want more than one needs.

Let the futurists dream of uploading their consciousness to the cloud. We shall be rooted in gravity, content in our expanding sovereignty. Smart cities may measure carbon footprints,

but we will leave imprints in the cushions of history. Perhaps the final act of human resistance against the mechanized world will not be revolution or code, but digestion. The future will not be sleek; it will be padded, plush, and profoundly comfortable.

So let us eat. Not merely to live, but to remember that living requires matter, space, and pleasure. We have become, quite literally, too substantial to ignore. Industrial civilization, having sought to streamline the human form, now finds itself lovingly engulfed by it. We have eaten the world's efficiency. And it was delicious.